

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Hot.* That roane shall be my throne. Wel, I will backe him straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saist thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene as you are toft with. In faith ile knowe your businesse Harry that I will, I feare my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go.

*Hot.* So far a foot I shall be weary loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito, answere me directly vnto this question that I aske, in faith ile breake thy little finger Harry and if thou wilt not tel me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifler, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play with mamnets, and to tile with lips, We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse: What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeed? Wel, do not then, for since you loue me not I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay tel me if you speake in iest or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horsebacke I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth question me Whither I go, nor reason where about, Whither I must, I must, and to conclude This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate, I know you wise, but yet no farther wise Then Harry Percies wife, constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy No Lady closer, for I well beleue Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know, And so far wil I trust thee gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far.

*Hot.*

*The Historie*

*Hot.* Not an inch further, but harke you Kate, Whither I go, thither shall you go too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you,

Will this content you Kate?

*La.* It must of force.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Prince and Poines.*

*Prin.* Ned, preethe come out of that fat roome, and lende me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poi.* Where hast bin Hal?

*Prin.* With three or foure loggerheades, amongst three or fourescore hogtheades. I haue founded the verie base string of humilitie. Sirrha, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis, they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, and tel me flatly I am no proud Iacke like Falstafte, but a Corinthian, a lad of metall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am king of England I shall command all the good lads in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and when you breath in your watering they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficiēt in one quarter of an houre that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language, during my life. I tell thee Ned thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweete Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vndersinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life then eight shillings and sixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anon, anon fir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue a waie the time till Falstafte come: I preethe doe thou stande in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gaue me the sugar, and do thou neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may bee nothing but anon, step aside and ile shew thee a present.

*Po.* Frances.

*Prin.* Thou art perfect.

*Prin.* Frances.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon fir. Looke downe into the Pomigarnet, Ralphe.

*D 2*

*Prin.*